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All Written by the same Author.

# THE Metamorphos'd Beau, &c.

**T**HE Royal *Britannia*, who after many brave and glorious Exploits, perform'd in Service of its Country, at length came to an Anchor in *Fleet-street*, a Harbour both Safe and Secure, notwithstanding those dangerous Rocks and quick Sands, that border about it; Threatning Ruine and Destruction to any bold Adventurer, that should dare to Attempt, or Expect Shelter in its Liberty, which several by fatal Experience can Testifie; but now, thanks to our Senate, is made Navigable.

Upon the Arrival of which, I went Aboard, in pursuit of a Friend, who had the Honour of a considerable Post of Command, and according to my Desires I found him; but so Transmogrify'd, that, I protest, I could hardly give Credit to my own Eyes. *Ye Gods! Cry'd I, What do I behold? Or are my Opticks deceiv'd? This is certainly some Illusion, and not my Friend; who when he first Embark'd, made such a Noble Figure, That the Men of war whom he was so Command, were fill'd with Admiration; the Fair Sex, in Murmuring Sighs, Convolv'd his Loss; and by their Repeated Orisons, invoc'd Mars, Bellona, Neptune, and the Boistrous Bolus, to protect him from all danger, and walt him safe ashore again.*

The Gods were all Propitious to their last request; and return'd their mighty Charge back again with Life; but, alas, had Expos'd his Person to all the Casualties that attend such Desperate Performances; *Mars* and *Bellona*, notwithstanding they Honour'd him with Victory, and guarded his Life, gave him to understand, by those several Marks of Honour, which they so liberally bestow'd on him, that he was not Invulnerable; *Phib*, that Bright God, and Wary *Neptune*, with his briny Surface, by their Multiplicity of Embraces, so Tan'd his Hide, that he seems to be the Offspring of an *Ethiopian*: Nay, *Mercury Boreas*, that was the chiefest Instrument in his return, by his Rough Usage, had Exercis'd the part of a profest Enemy, on his Attire; for, Oh ye Powers! What a strange Metamorphose have ye Created, not to be parallel'd! those Locks, those Sacred Locks, that us'd to Adorn his Shoulders, and Modestly Harbour'd as much Powder as would stock a Suburban Tonfor, are now become as Link, as the Mane of an old Hackney. Thy Phiz, that Charming Phiz, so admir'd by the Ladies, and was impossible to behold without becoming its Captive, hath now lost its Charms, though beset with Rubies, and most fearful Scars, instead of Tempting Patches. Thy Eyes, those fatal Luminaries, that have darted so many Killing Glances, and leering Ogles, and provid as dangerous as Basilisks to the Female Sex,



are now dull, and heavy. Thy Tongue, thy fluid Tongue, thy bewitching Tongue, that was Tipt with Eloquence, and attended with such an Acute Wit, by which thou Conquer'd'st more Hearts than *Alexander*; and deliver'd'st Love-Sentences as profound as an Oracle, is now Seal'd with Silence. Thy Garb, that us'd to be so very Nice, and hang with such a dexterous Air, is now as shatter'd as the Rigging of thy Ship; and looks as if it had hung 18 Months at a Stall in *Long-Lane*; Nay, thy Fragrant Perfumes, and Odoriferous Scents of Essence Bottles, hath lost their Odour, and is Usurpt by the more powerful, Pitch, Tarr, and Okum.

Prithee, my Friend, answer'd he, why do'st thou Cautarize me thus? I Bless my Stars, my *Corpus* hath receiv'd no dammage; but am return'd sound Waist and Limb, Boy; full fraught with Vigour, and dare attack a whole Fleet of Female Frigates. Come, no more of this; do'st not remember the Old Phrase in the Almanack *Omnia veram Vicissitudo*. Therefore, upon the Receipt of my Golden hopes, for this Summers Expedition, I'll new Rigg, assume my former Station, disannul the Tar, and appear all *Beau*; give my self Airs, renew my former Acquaintance with the Ladies; and for the future, fight under *Venus* Banners only.

Yes, Faith, cry'd I, thou hast been a Champion, for the Ladies cause; and hast play'd the part of a Heroe; Witness thy damn'd Snuffing, and drawing of thy Legs; and hast had more Pills, Belusses, and Ingredients of Compounds and Simples in thy Guts, than would furnish an Apothecaries-Shop; and can'st thou be so void of Reason, as to flatter thy self with hopes to think the Ladies will dispence with that Weather-beaten Phiz, those frightful Scars, and halting Legs of thine, when every day presents new Objects to their Eyes? Why, in the Park, thou wou'd'st be taken for the Relick of some *Hospital*; in the Play-house, for some Old *Cock-Baw*; or a Bally of *Alfaria*. Nay, the very Mob, will congratulate you with *Your humble Servant Colonel Hacker*. No, Prithee harbour no such thought; but think rather of being the Subject of their Derision. Therefore take my Advice, Let the Bottle be thy Mistress for the Future: And since 'tis thy Fate, to be thus Metamorphos'd, by which thou art discarded of the Ladies Favours; yet notwithstanding, it may prove very Beneficial, and useful to you, on the contrary Party. In the first place, thy Scars will be discarded on, as so many Badges of Honour, attain'd in the Service of your Country, (and *Venus* together) Likewise be a means to conceal you from the Knowledge of old Duns, cast-off Mistresses, Bull'd Coachmen and Link Boys. In a word, thou wou'd'st puzzle an *Athenian* to make an Inspection into the Tar, and from thence to decipher a Compleat Beau.

Come, no more Hestating, on my Misfortune, I beseech you, answer'd he, or ridiculing my Person; but go down with me, and I will give you such a Bowl, that shall convince you, if thou art not an Infidel, that our Living, and present Appearance, may Compensate with a Gaudy Suit and an abandon'd Pocket.

Upon which he carry'd me to his Cabbini, which we found bedeck'd with a Jovial Crew, surrounding an Inundation of Celestial Liquor; where without Ceremoney we took our Seats; and were Conformable to our Company: and straight a Health was propos'd to the Royal *Britannia*,

and



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and prosperity, to fair *Albion*; and no sooner was it mentioned, but Orders were given to Furle her Sails, let fly her proud Streamers, Sound her Instruments of War, and discharge; her thundering Gods bidding defiance to the insulting Billows; and Quaff our jolly Cups to the immortal *Bacchus*. But as ill Luck would have it, in the midst of our Carousing, my Friend was taken with a sudden Qualm; but whether the Fatigue of his Wooden Castle, or the Noble Spirit of our Liquor, occasion'd this Disaster, I know not; but calling me aside, desir'd me to withdraw with him; and take a Walk to *St. Paul's*. For, said he, I believe the Walk and Diversion we shall find there; will Divert my Indisposition. Bless me! Cry'd I, I am afraid you are worse than you think for; and that your Malady has seiz'd on your Brain; for certainly, none but a Madman would offer to leave such good Company, where nothing but Friendship flows, and Bumpers Crown our Joys; for an Ogle of some Damn'd Amorous Jilt, offering up her Orisons, for good success to her Lecherous Tail; or some old Insatiate Whore, whose desires are no more to be Quench'd then the Sulphurous Flames of *Amor*. No, No, my Friend, Sit down, keep your Temper, be Easy, and Enjoy your Friends; and I do not question but in a short time you'll see your Error. But alas, all the Rhetorick I was Master of, could not persuade him; for the Flesh and *St. Paul's* were predominant. You see, my Friend, cry'd he, we have had hot Service already, and 'tis like to continue, which at this time, I would willingly avoid, by reason I can impute my present Indisposition to nothing but the Fumes of the Bowl; and a Natural Inclination of seeing some of my Old Acquaintance, which my long Absence hath almost blotted from my Memory; and likewise a itch of Curiosity, to see that noble Fabrick, of whom Fame speaks so Loud. Then Embracing me, with a damn'd insinuating Hugg, let's haste to our Mother Church, and see what Female Saints adores her Shrine. Yes, Faith, cry'd I, the Petty-coat, I find Comprehends your chiefest Devotion; and is the only Saint you want to Adore; and since that neither your Absence, or Foreign Climates, have had any Operation on your Fleishly Constitution, which in part to gratifie, and also to satisfy your Curiosity, since thou art so Obstinate bent, I will comply with your Request, tho' I must Confess, 'tis with no small Reluctancy, to leave these brave *Bacchanals*, Enlivening their Noble Souls, to Board, perhaps, a *Fireship*.

No sooner resolv'd on, but perform'd; we took Leave of our Company, (but on my part with much regret,) to Strow'd down *Fleet-street*; and up *Ludgate-hill*; but as soon as we approach'd the Gate, my Friend made a Stop; Bless me! ye Powers, cry'd he, What Venerable old Antiquary hath new Rigg'd *Queen-Bess*? By my Soul she looks as Amorous as if she was Seated on her Throne, with her Unhappy Favorite by her side.

So, answer'd a Fellow that over heard him, the same Bountiful Hand hath done no less for Old King *Ludd*, and his two Sons; and notwithstanding our wise Ancestors Converted his Palace to a Prison, it now makes as great a Figure as any of our Inns of Court; and I verily believe, its Students are as great Proficients in the Law. Upon which, I told him, by his Nice Description, and impartial Account of it, he must have the Practical part. Yes, Sir, that I have, said he, I have been

a Student no less than five Tears in Lud's Collodge; and have Command'd all the Degrees in it: My Name is B—— but the Vulgar term me a Bull-dog; by reason I have my Liberty, and my Dependance on the Students, by guarding their Persons when they are dispos'd to go abroad. Will you be pleas'd to see it, Gentlemen? If you please I'll wait on you; and show you the whole House, which is Allow'd to be the best of Prisons.

The best it self, is bad enough, answer'd my Friend, by reason of Confinement.

For he, whose Fortune 'tis to be Confin'd, doth always bear his Liberty in Mind.

Well then, said I, let's see this Cave of Captivity, and who knows but we may light on some old Rakish Acquaintance there, bury'd in oblivion? With all my Heart, said he, and let's refer our Intrigues at St. Pauls, to some other opportunity. I am certain, cry'd I, 'twill be more acceptable to Visit poor Prisoners, and bestow some Charity on them, than to fall on our knees at St. Pauls, with a seeming Devotion, and our Lew'd Thoughts roving after vain Chimera's. Come then, since thou art resolv'd, we'll see this famous Seminary, whose lofty Structure derives its Original from the Ruins of Heroick Ludd. Upon which the Fellow was mighty officious, and presently had us to the Porch, which was throng'd with several of his Function, as we understood, waiting (like so many Porters at a Bench) for Employment; and no sooner were we up the Steps, but our Guide with an Audible Voice, cry'd Doctor, Doctor; upon which, the Doctor quitted his Kennel, muttering at the Fellow for making such a hideous Noise, telling him he believ'd by his Yelping he thought he was at his old Rendezvous, the Bear-Garden. No, Old Swag-belly, Answered Touxer, the Bear-Garden, is of more repute than a Prison; Therefore no Comparisons, I beseech you; for there is Liberty, and Confinement is the Devil. Besides, what's more Scandalous than a Jail? With that replied the Turn-key, thou little sorry Fellow, to complain of the Scandal of a Goal, when Thou thy self art the chiefest ingredient that Scandal is compounded of; which by tracing thy Pedigree but three degrees backwards, will be evident proof; as first, a Devil to a Printing-house; from thence advanced to a Butcher; and now art arriv'd to a degree worse than both, a Bull-Dog; the three only Qualifications, I know of, that Center in that word Scandal; and well may our Students Condition be desperate, who are continually plagu'd with such a Number of Spunging, Sharping, Scandalous Whelps, as you and your Brethren. Our Guide finding his Antagonist too hard for him, slunk in his Ears; which if he had had but his desert, would have been separated from his Calves-head some years ago; and return'd him no Answer, but desir'd him to open the Hatch, which accordingly he did, and in we went.

And our Conductor bid us to follow him, which very cautiously we did; and turn'd into a Room on our Left hand, which my thoughts was very absurd, seeing that on the Right was a more Spacious Place, for the first reception of Strangers; and I told our Guide my Sentiments of his Conduct: Sir, answer'd a Fellow that over-heard me, We who have the Misfortune to be confin'd here, have all been guilty of the like Enormity; for had we but kept the right Road, 'tis possible we had not now been in

Box. Having made this Repartee, he mov'd to a Table by the Fire-side, which was begirt with Students, Contemplating on the History of the four Kings; some Swearing that he that should offer to Beg with two Trumps in his Hand, understood the right of the Game no more than he did the Turkish Alcoran. In denial of which, and to Convince those bold Assertors of their Error, up starts a Smoke-dry'd Fellow out of the Chimney-Corner, and gives a Challenge to take a Game for a Pot of Sir John Parsons, and was presently receiv'd; but how it should be paid for, was a Nice Point; for cry'd *Scowerian* the Taplash, There must be the Ready Rino for Sir John. But however, tho' there was no Faith in the Bar, yet for their Honours sake, the Cause should not be dropt, as long as there was Moveables to be engag'd. Well, silence was proclaimed, and to it they went to decide this mighty Argument, which a long time was very dubious; nay so partial was Fortune, That the Plaintiff's whole dependance was on the turning up of a Lucky Knave; and as chance would have it, accordingly he did, which occasion'd repeated Volleys of Huzzas; and was very much applauded by his own Party, for the Managing of his Cards for so Nice a Cut, and his profound Judgment in that Noble Science. But alas, how fickle is Fortune? And just reason have the Artists to decipher her on a Wheel, to shew the Unstablencess of her Favours; by which they give us to Understand, that we ought not to put too much Confidence in the uppermost Spoke; for notwithstanding the Favour'd him in the Game, yet she Bilk'd him of the Prize; for the Fellow making more than ordinary haste, hearing of the Huzza, makes a Trip upon the Stairs, and down falls Sir John. Ill News hath swift Wings, and this Disaster occasion'd a Quarrel between the Gamesters and Taplash: Nay some declared, they had rather have heard of the downfall of *London-Bridge*; and fell a Railing at the Fellow, and Cursing of Fortune, calling her all the Names that Malice could invent, as *Whore*, *Bawd*, and *Bilking Strumpet*; whereon a Stander-by, being something more sedate than the rest, made this reply:

*Fortune ye term a Strumpet, Bawd, and Whore,*

*Yet still the Sons of Fortune we adore.*

But rather than be thus Baffled, and their hopes prove Abortive, they agreed to take the other Game; but withal, gave the Fellow a strict Charge to take more Care for the future, or else his Ears, if his Purse could not, should pay for it. In which Engagement we left them, and ask'd our Guide the Name of that Room. *Gentlemen*, say'd he, *Tis call'd the Rules, and is more Commodious to Accommodate Strangers than the Cellar, by reason they can be more Private with a Friend, and not Expos'd to the View of all the Prisoners.* However, said my Friend, you who when you were at Liberty, could not Live within Compass, must now be Content to be Confin'd to the Rules of a Prison. In answer to which he shook his Head, and led us into the aforementioned Room.

*This Place Gentlemen*, said he, *is call'd the Lumbree; but from whence it derives its Name, I know not; at this Table the Steward, and the Constable of the Day, takes an Account of the Charity-Money Collected at the two Grates, where you hear, with doleful Cry, how they Implore the Benevolence of Passengers: With, Pray remember the poor Prisoners. The Lord in Heaven Bless you, Remember the Poor Prisoners. A great Number of poor Tradesmen and Women, Confin'd for Debt: Good Christian People, bestow on the Poor Prisoners. And upon the Receipt of any Charity,*  
*Changing*



*Changing their Notes, in a different Tongue return Thanks.* The Lord in Heaven Bless you, Sir. The Lord Jesus Christ reward you, Sir. Christ Bless you, Sweet Lady. The Lord in Heaven Bless you, good Madam. Thank-ye, Mistress, Thank-ye. The Lord in Heaven Bless you both. *Thus according to their Person, and their Gifts, they have a suitable return of Thanks; and if it answers not their Expectations, they'll very Cordially wrap out.* G—d D—n 'em, it was but a half-penny. I shall have but a Sorry Box; this will be a Pick-Pocket Box, by G—d. I have had but three Pies this two Hours; and I sha'n't have enough to my Share, for to pay for them, and the B—h, will not Score me a Penny more, D—n her.

No sooner had the Fellow done speaking, but all of a sudden descends the Stairs a Torrent of Mob, hauling of two Criminals, crying, *Open the Nut-crackers, open the Stocks*, who were presently obey'd, and the Criminals boot'd with abundance of Expedition, who sat in greater State and Pomp, and attended by a larger Retinue, than old King *Luc* in all his Grandure. But making an inquiry into their Misdemeanour, I understood it was partly a Contriv'd Business, and a design'd thing on one of the Offenders, tho' they could not manage it, without bringing the other Party in, lest they should give a distaste to the whole House, for Prisons have their Picque's and Parties, as well as States; but most seem'd to rejoyce at one of the Sufferers Calamity, whose Obstinacy confin'd his Heels some hours longer than his Fellow Sufferers. But a Friend, by Accident, happening to come to Visit the Old Duke, at last perswaded him to sign his Submission, which is Recorded as an Example for others to take Warning by. But as soon as he found his Heels at Liberty, up Stars he scow'd, threatening what he would do, when time should serve.

And straight the Clock struck five, upon which, up comes a Fellow from the Cellar, making a most hideous Noise, and runs up Stairs Yelping *Five a Clock, Mr. Steward, Five a Clock, Mr. Steward.* Who presently made his Personal Appearance, at this dreadful Summons, jangling his Keys, like a Sexton of a Parish; and sears himself at the upper-end of the Table, with the Constable of the Day at his right Hand, and several other inferiour Officers gave their Attendance, to assist at the casting up the Total of the Boxes. The Mob likewise crowding to see how they rise, and several others to Dun. The Boxes being brought, out they ring Pen, Ink, and Paper; and after some three or four times Telling, and as many times casting up, least Mistakes should happen, they set down the Sum, and pay off the Distributions, and adjust Accounts: a very hard Task, I assure you; and dare affirm, are as much puzzled, as if the State of the Nation lay before them. In the performing of which, there arose a hot Debate about the Allowance of some Pen-follower, in which dispute we left them, and went up Stairs into a large Room on the Right Hand, Which *Tonzer* told us was called the *Whits Room*. In this Room said he, we make our Election; and if any Differences happen to arise that cannot be decid'd among our selves, we send for the Right Honourable the Lord Mayor, or Sheriffs, and entertain them in this Room, and are Oblig'd, to leave it to their Decision; after which, there is to be no dispute. Likewise at this Table assembles our Senate, in a full Body, upon any of the House's Concerns, the Door being kept by the Gentleman Usher of the Nut-crackers, who sometimes hath the Honour to have some of our Reverend Divines in this Capacity; for if they Commit any Misdemeanours, they ought no more to be

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of the House, to be Exempted, than any Inferiour Prisoner. But what said Simon? Kissing goes by Favour. In this Window hangs our Orders, and also lyes the Gazette and Votes for the Use of the Publick. In this Room is also a Fire kept, for the Use of Charity-men, by reason they have no Chimney in their Ward, where a Sundays they boyl their Kettle-Pot of Chumps, a certain Allowance they have on Sabbath days; to the great Destruction of Neck-Beef, of which they make Broth in abundance, and deliver it gratis at the Door, which is commonly beset like a Noble-mans Gate; and if I might speak my Sentiments; I think they Verify the old Proverb, God sends Meat, but the Devil Cooks; And Faith 'tis well they have no Sir Courtly-Nice, to Diet. This place is also commonly chosen for to decide any Quarrels, in trying who is the best at handy Cuffs, but very seldom made use of; for the best of them had rather Eat than Fight: In a Word, 'tis the most necessary Room in the whole House. At this Table we make a Dividend of my Lords Baskets, and other Gifts of that Nature, according to Art.

But being tyr'd with this long Harangue, on this spacious Room, we desir'd him to with-draw into some other Apartment: O Gentlemen, says he, I must beg your Patience a little longer, for I had like to have Omitted one of the greatest Concerns that is manag'd in this Room; for the Night before our Choice Day, here is a General Assembly of the whole Conclave, in the Nature of a Club, in order to the Election the succeeding Morning, by which 'tis guess'd which of the Candidates will bear the Bell; who carry it by the Majority of Votes. Nor was there ever greater heats and animosities, at Guild-Hall, in making of Parties for the Election of a Lord Mayor, than there is in this Puny-Colledge, in the choice of a Box-man; at which time, if the Devil were to cast a Net, he would have a hopeful Fry, for I dare avouch without any Ostentation, that in an Assembly of any Twenty of them, you shall find a Score of Knaves: Now, Gentlemen, I have done here, and will shew you the next Apartment; Will begging your Pardons for being so tedious; and Promise you, in shewing you the the remainder, to Use all the proximity I can.

This, Gentlemen, is called the Lower-Ward, and is kept the most decent of all the Wards in the House; you see 'tis very sweet and Clean, and their Beds are in very good Order, likewise a good Convenience for dressing of their Diet; and have a more regular Order, than the rest of the Wards: But seeing of a poor Ignorant Fellow in a black Cap walking about, I ask'd what he was? Upon which, answer was made me, That he had been a Wholesale Patten-Maker. Methinks, said my Friend, he resembles an old heathen Philosopher, for I can see his Arse thro' his Pocket-holes. Misfortunes, Sir, said one that stood by, will dismantle a Christian Stoick, and were you but to hear how he has been dealt by in his Dealings, you would Commiserate his Condition: For his Shop-Books will make it appear, that he never gave Credit above Sixpence, or was Debtor 50 Shillings. 'Tis discours'd his Creditors are a-going to take out a Statute of Bankrupt against him, which will be very hard, considering his Circumstances; but rather than deliver up his Accompts, we advise him to turn himself over to the Fleet, that he may gain his Liberty, and Travel with his Effects, before 'tis too late; and not to spend the Residue of his Stock in a Prison: But we find he is rather inclin'd to continue here, and in short Time expects to be chose Steward; he was put up for Church-Warden last Election, and is in a fair way for Perpetuity; he is very Critical in his Discourse, has an Excellent Voice, and good Judgment, but we could not prevail with him to oblige us with a Song, but left us upon our request of it. What our Guide told us concerning this Ward, was very Evident, and I was inform'd, had the best of all the Wards in the Prison; by a very Worthy Gentleman,

tleman, who lately has been a great Benefactor to the House, to his Honour be it spoke.

Our Guide taking us up another Pair of Stairs, in the Ascending of which, I perceiv'd a dark Entry, and a lesser Stair-Case, which occasion'd me to ask where that went? For you must know, I was very inquisitive, as you will find by the sequel; he told us, It led to the Masters-side, and that he wou'd bring us down that way, when he had show'd us all the Common: In order to which, he proceeded. And had us into another Room, telling us, it was call'd the *Chappel-Ward*, which made my Friend Laugh, asking him if they Exercis'd any Religious Worship there, or were of the Tribe of *Levi*, for I have heard Ministers and their Widows have the Priviledge of this Colledge. *That is true, Sir*, said one of them; *But I assure you, we are none of that Function as you suspect, nor does our Ward derive its Name from any Devotion that's us'd here; and to be plain with you, we rather make good the Old Proverb; The nearer the Church, the further from God; and am certain, here is some that lye within four Yards of the Pulpit, have not seen the inside of the Chappel this five Months. No, Sir, 'tis call'd the Chappel-Ward, by reason the Chappel is on the same Floor; will you please to see it Gentlemen?* No, said we, 'tis Needless; but the Church-Warden being by, open'd the Door, so we could do no less than go in; and found it very Decent and Handsome beyond our Expectation, so giving Mr. *Church-Warden*, a piece of Money, the hopes of which, I suppose was the only occasion of his Invitation; out we came, and Ascended another Floor, and went into a Room, which our Conductor told us, was call'd the *Charity-Ward*, belonging to the Men that begg'd at the Grates; and Faith said I, 'tis fit for none but Beggars; methoughts the last smelt strong, but this is worse. *Sir*, said our Guide, *The higher you go, the more you will Complain, I am afraid*: Well, said my Friend, to satisfy our Curiosity, we must dispence with the Hogo: This Ward is very much Discours'd of, on the Account of Monsieur *Shavny*, who is fixt against the Wall, of whom they tell you very Strange Stories; as that he derives his Pedigree from the Antipodes, and is of an invisible Substance, can pass or repass through the Key-hole of a Door, or any small *Crevise*, and convey what ever is requir'd of him, upon Non-Payment of Flooridge, which is eighteen-pence, a due Debt, contracted by Custom, to be spent among them that lye on the same Floor; and notwithstanding he is but little in Stature, he is of great Strength of Body, can carry Coats, Waste-coats, Hats, Shooes, or Stockings, which I am afraid you will hardly Credit, much more if you was to hear them affirm, that not long since, he carry'd off a Night Gown and Waste-coat, and had got off clear, had he not had a Fool to his Clerk; for the Miscarriage of which, he was Cashier'd from his Office, ridicul'd by the whole House, and very narrowly escap'd the Stocks. This being all that was worth our Notice there, our Guide told us, *We were now going to the Lofty-Ward, so call'd by reason 'tis the highest in the House, and even with the Scraglio*. Well, in we went to the *Lofty-Ward*, and though it savour'd much of the two aforesaid Wards, it was more Lightsome, and had a good Prospect from the Window over *St. Georges-Fields*; and very convenient, being nigh the Leads; here was several handy Crafts Exercising their ordinary Vocations, there was *Joseph the Carpenter*, and *Sam the Taylor*; at work like so many *Enies*, and *Crispin* a ratling *St. Hugh's Bones* with a Countenance as austere as a Countrey Justice: In the Window by him, lay the Implements of a Barber, who as I was inform'd, was performing very hot Service in the *Chappel*, which pleas'd us best, was an old Fellow a going to encounter



Eleemosynary Goose; but before the Epicure began to exercise his Grinders, very formally repeats Old Appamantus's Grace in *Timon of Athens*:

*Immortal Gods, I crave no Pelf,  
I Pray for no Man but my self.  
Grant I may never be so Foul,  
To Credit Man, on's Oath or Bond,  
Or a Dog that seems a Sleeping;  
Or a Harlot for her Weeping;  
Or a Goaler with my Freedom;  
Or my Friends, if I should Need 'em.*

And it seems it is his usual Custom; so Wishing him a good Stomach, we quitted the *Lofty-Ward*, and Enter'd the *Seraglio*; which Resembld an Hospital, more than a Prison; and here I must Confess, our Essence Bottles, did us a great piece of Service, for there was such a Hogo, that I could not forbear taking Notice of it; for which they wanted not an Excuse, but readily reply'd, *That it 'twas only for want of Water*, and to be imputed to nothing else: But a Waggish Jade, answer'd, *No, no, Sir, 'Tis only the Grain of our Skins*: then certainly, Madam, cry'd I, You must needs have very rank Hides: *That's only for want of Use*, Sir, said she, then turn'd up her Lipp, and went into an Inner Apartment: But by her Discourse, I judg'd there was some Ammoretta's, though for the Major part full Ag'd, and one would have thought by their Looks, had shed their Colts Tooth; but to convince me of my Error, they had me into the Inner Room, where I found a Venerable Old Matron, Chain'd by the Leg, and Hand-Cuff; upon which, asking the reason: *The Reason!* said they, *Why there is no Reason in the Case, but meer Fiction; she is possess'd with strange Notions, and pretends she hears strange Voices, and in the height of her Passion Exclaims at Fate, talks mightily of Love, and threatens Destruction to her self and others; at other times will fall on her Knees, and Idolize the Cistern, and continue for some Hours without Speech, or motion: As for her being speechless, cry'd a Fellow that stood by, We can Dispence with that well enough, and could Wish they were all so.* Methinks, said my Friend, You are very ridged in your Discourse: Not at all, Sir, said he, *For if any Difference happens between them, we have such a Clamorous Noise, that I am Convinced it would drown St. Sepulchers Bells; say you so, reply'd one of them, Mr. Lick and Smell? I assure you, if you cannot Dispence with our Tongues, you shall have nothing to do with our Tails.*

But this being nothing to the Purpose, I desir'd them very seriously to tell me the Truth, for I took that only for Bauble. No, cry'd the whole *Seraglio*, *She is in Love, and Dotes even to Distraction*: Dotage indeed, says I, for it cannot be call'd Love in these Years. No, answer'd she, *I Love and burn with as pure a Flame, as e'er was Sacrific'd in Love's Altar*. Then fell on her Knees at the Bed-side, & turn'd her Face from us: Upon which, I ask'd who it was that she was in Love with? *Divinity*, answer'd they, *in Masquerade, and a Fellow-Prisoner with us, but he steals her Company, and is deaf to her Courtship, which is the occasion of her Frenzy*. Oh Love, cry'd I, how immense is thy Power, and Uncontroulable thy Will! thou that couldst in the height of Rage, and Passion, melt the fierce *Aticus* into humble Love, and pierce his Obdurate Heart with the fair Nymphs all-Conquering Eyes: Nay, was it not Love, that Transformed *Dionys* to a Tree and *Jove* himself into a Town-Bull? Oh my, do'st thou Tyrannise o'er *Age*, whose Strength's decay'd, and *Pigout's* spent? Is there not *Comb*, *Pigout's* Youth, to Exercise thy Power on, and dart thy Flames at? Oh, Commiserate her Condition, Quench her Desires, or put a Period to her Days. *Comb* Master, said a Fellow that stood by, as a Guardian to her, *That's a good Prayer, and may it find success, for we are very well spare her, for we have such a parcel of Hypocritical Animals, both Old and Young, Male and Female, that occasions a great deal of Trouble in our Court Government. But to be as brief as possible, I will relate but a few of their Qualifications: We have some as Rank as Goates, as Prime as Waffles, as Salt as Bitches, and as Lustful as Satyrs, as Apath as *Melancholy*, and as full of Play as my Lady's Lap-dog: Nay, as serious as a Whore at a Chastising, and yet seem as Chaste as Nuns, as Precise as Puritans, as Innocent as Brides, as Sober as Carthusians, and yet be as Drunk as Dutch-men; others that will Exclaim against *Profligates*, and yet be the like, and yet at the same time, be guilty of them all: Nay, some as insatiate as *Malinda*, yet Preach up Continence for one of the *Cardinal Virtues*.* No sooner had the Fellow done speaking, but up Starts an Old Woman, saying, *I say Sir, you will not Credit what this Scurry Rascal says, Why, said he, You old Morose* I say nothing but the Truth, and can prove it, if occasion require. Sir, cry'd he

he, *This Old Fornicatress, this Old Harridan, this Old piece of Mortality, who bath never a Tooth in her Head, will hold a Discourse for five Hours by the Clock, on Concupiscence, and Swear she'll not trust to her Age:* At which the Old Countess began to Exercise her Tongue, and likewise her Hands, letting fly a Chamber-Pot at his Head, Muttering, *Why so Old, why so Old, you beggarly Bastard?* In which Ingagement we left them. And turning about, I Spy'd a Fellow, reading some Lines, that was Writ on the Wall, with Small-Cole, Swearing he was of the same Opinion; the Words, as near as I can Remember, was to this Effect.

*This is a Place of no Disgrace,  
Tho' Fools do Censure so;  
But I do you tell, and mark it well,  
You must Pay before you go.  
And yet by G—d, tis very Odd,  
To be Confined here;  
And were it not for Pipe and Pot,  
Z—ds, 'twould be too severe.*

I thereupon ask'd my Guide what he was, that seem'd to be so contented with his Confinement, but the Fellow over-hearing me, made answer, *That he was a Man of Carriage. And Confid' here for the Uprightness of it, I suppose, said my Friend. That you may Censure as you please, Sir, said he, but I am Contented with my Condition: Why Faith, said I, Patience per-force, is a Medicine for a Mad-dog; but down he went, singing Providence provides for me, and I am well Content.*

And we ascended the Leads; where we found several jolly Lads, some diverting themselves at Nine-pins, others Viewing the Adjacent Villages, and walking in imagination to Highgate, Swearing tho' the Body was confin'd, thoughts were free; But at the further end next the Thames, was an Old Vertuoso with two or three more of the same Kidney, puzzling his Numb-Skull (for Brains, he had none) on the Ebbing of the Tide, telling them divers Opinions, but could give no Substantial Reason for what he alleg'd, but concluded that without doubt the Moon had an influence over it; with that replied a Spark that had heard him with great deal of Patience, *Prethee old Duke, follow Aristotle's Example: What's that, said he? If you will promise to imitate his Example, I'll tell you: That's at my own Choice, cry'd he, for I suppose Aristotle's was a Voluntary AB, and not by Compulsion: Yes Faith was it, said he, and thine would be a very Obliging one, and of great Use to the Publick; and to hold you no longer in suspense, I'll tell you how it was: Aristotle, by reason, he could not comprehend the Mystery of the Flux, and Reflux of the Tide; said, that should Comprehend him, so plung'd himself into the Ocean, and ended his Days. The President is very Authentick, and my Advice Cordial, by which means your Family will be rid of a constant Charge, and this House of a troublesome Fool. O thank-ye, Sir, thank-ye, said he, putting his hand in his Pocket: and if you please to accept of it, I'll give you a retaining Fee, for your Advice: O Sir, I beg your Pardon, answer'd the Spark, I am no Counsellour, but give my advice, Free and Candid, as a Friend; but willball, give me leave to assure you, 'tis in respect to your Family, the performance of which I am certain, would Conduce much to their Interest. For my Daughters, at least, I presume, Sir cry'd he, for whose sake, I suppose, you give me this Advice; thinking if I had but once made my Exit, (which I find is very indifferent to you in what manner) and you at Liberty, you would have but little difficulty to board her. No, No, Sir said he, I would have you, look back, and reflect on your past Transactions, and consider what brought you hither: Take an Old Adams Countess, Lest not after the Flesh-Pots of Egypt, nor harbour any more thoughts of a Partisot: Why so Old a Sinner, I reply'd he.*

*My Agencies I'd lib'rally bestow,  
Like Frigidul Nile, whose generous Streams do flow,  
Without Controul, nor dull Confinement know.*

I have answer'd the Ends of my Creation, and you deny it your Daughters, but I hope she'll have more Grace than to mind you; and to save Charges, you care not if she makes two Meals a Day on Chalk and Oat-meal, and Faith, I pay her with all my Soul: And since thou art so perverie and obstinate, this Fare attend you, May you live no longer, than till every ones a weary of you, and then I am content we shall be rid of you in very short time: However I am not so much thy Enemy, but if you will go with me in the Cellar, I will give you a Pot of the best it affords, and your Daughters Health shall end our present difference: With all

my heart, said he, but let us take a turn or two more, and then I'll wait on you, which accordingly they did. But Viewing of him pretty narrowly, I thought I was no Stranger to his Face, tho' at present I could not call him to mind, and my Friend was of the same Opinion, and asking a Gentleman that stood by us, his Name, his Name, Sir, said he, is M——— and is confin'd here for his Faults, not Misfortunes; and no sooner had we ask'd the Question, but he came up to us. Gentlemen, cry'd he, may I be so bold as to Crave your Names? Sir, said we, we have just got the start of you, in making an enquiry of yours, and are very glad it hath answer'd our Expectations, for we partly remembred your Physiognomy, tho' time and absence, hath almost Bury'd our Acquaintance; then calling himself to mind who we were, embrac'd us both, Cry'd, By my Soul, my old Friends and Acquaintance, I am heartily glad to see you, tho' 'tis my Misfortune to be in a Goal. The occasion, I suppose, said I, is the same that made Honest Harry here, Turn Tar, and I for this three Years lead as reclus'd a Life as a Nun, and wholly devoted my self to Rural Pleasures; and Faith 'twas by meer accident, we dropt in here; but before we came in, I prognosticated we should light of some Old Friend, and are heartily sorry it should be your Fate. Come, prithee hesitate no more on it, the worse Luck now, the better another time, answered he; and since 'tis to Chance alone we can impute this happiness; let's enjoy our selves: Therefore I beg the Favour of you, to honour me so far as to go to my Apartment, whereby we may renew our Acquaintance, and divert our selves in Discouring on our former Intrigues; and tho' I cannot Promise you such Entertainment as we us'd to have, yet I believe you will not find it so despicable as the place may represent it to be: for we have several Gentlemen, notwithstanding their Confinement, can dispence with a Bottle or two, and are extraordinary good Company. Sir, said we, Let us beg the Favour of you to Permit us to see the House, since we have already made such a Progress, and after we shall be at your Service. Well, old Acquaintance, I'll not dispute it with you, since you have a Mind to see this Cave of iniquity, but Acquiesce with your desires, and wish it may answer your Curiosity, and I'll have the Honour to wait on you my self, say'd he.

With that we tipt Tomcer a Hog, and dismiss'd him, and told our Friend we had seen the Common-side already, and gave him our Sentiments on it. O, Cry'd he, the the chiefest Scene is the Cellar, which I can compare to nothing but Sodom; there we have Tragy-Comedies Acted every Night; but before I carry you there, I will shew you our side, which is something more regular than the Wards, for we have Chambers to our selves, but as there is no Palace without some Webs, so it cannot be expected this should be without some inconveniences, which may well be dispenc'd with, considering those many the Wards are subject to.

Then taking us by a narrow pair of Stairs, on the Right hand, told us the first he should present us with was call'd *Prisoner's Parlor*, a Room that any Prisoner at any time may have free Access to, (provided 'tis not in Use) to finish their Intrigues of Love, and is the only Room in the House for Procreation, and seldom a Night passes but its made use of by the Publick; the Opposite Room is known by the Name of *Clap-Asse-Hall*, but for what Reason I know not. Then down we went to the next Floor, where the Chambers were pretty tolerable, having the Sash-windows, but found nothing worth our observation, but an old Hermit's Room, that on my Conscience I believe hath not been wash'd since the Gate hath been re-built; what's the reason, said I to my Friend, this Old man keeps his Chamber in no better Order? But answer was made me, He was the very Quintessence of a Sloven, and abhors any thing that's Cleanly and so wedded in his Opinion, that he holds it a Crime to destroy his Vermin, but will decently brush them off, to seek for fresh Quarters. Nay, alters the very Course of Nature, and abolishes humane Society; the Night which was ordain'd for Rest he turns to Day; and the Day, which was design'd for Labour, converts he to Night; nor can you put a greater Affront on him, than to ask him why he does not Endeavour to get out, or tell him his Chamber wants to be Clean'd; and had rather hear of the Plague, Pestilence or Famine, than a Mop or a Broom. But come, says my Friend, I will keep you here no longer, least we should increase our Company. So down we went to the next Floor, where we found the best Rooms in the House, their Chambers were clean and decent, and some had the best Furniture, which was handsome and genteel; the Men for the most part of a decent Aspect, and made an indifferent Figure, and were more Civiliz'd in their Conversation



Conversation; there we found quart Pots with Lids to them, and Dishes that bore 'em Company, which was an Evident proof, that good living was no Stranger there.

And as we were going to leave that Floor, we were stop'd by a Crow'd list'ning to the Ringing of a Bell at the passage Door, which was no sooner ceas'd, but the Cryer made Proclamation after this Manner:

O Yes! O Yes! Any Man or Woman, Prisoner, or not a Prisoner, Boy or Girl, that can give any Tale or Tydings of a Man Child about sixty Years of Age, and may be known by these following Marks, He is too little for a Man, and too big for a Monkey, wears a narrow Brim'd Hat, walks like a Cropper Pidgeon, wears a Piss-burnt Wigg, and hath a very old Fashioned Pbiz, and is known by the Name of ———, he hath been missing from his Nightly Habitation ever since Yesterday five a Clock in the Afternoon; and whosoever hath the good Fortune to find him, may take him for their Pains, and shall receive the Thanks of the whole House, provided they discharge him from the Prison.

The Crowd being dispers'd, our Friend told us, there remain'd nothing now but our Descent into Sodom, where we will take a Pot or two of the best Liquor it affords; In the doing of which, I do not question but you will find Diversion enough. But going down Stairs, my Friend shew'd us a little Room, which had escap'd our Notice. Here, said he, Is the old Trade of Basket-making going forward: Yes, and Bastard making too, Sir, said the Man that was at work, for ——— and ——— was catch'd a hussling here not long ago: That may be, answer'd he, For when Puppies Parlor is taken up, this is made use of for the same Purpose, tho' it hath not the same Convenience, but no Opportunity must be Lost.

Now being come to the Descent into Sodom, I was mightily surpriz'd, hearing the Noise below, and beholding the steep and narrow Entrance to it: Bless me! Cry'd I to my Friend, this Descent seems to Contradict the Holy Scripture, which affirms, that the way to Destruction is Easy, and broad is the Path thereof; but here the Descent is narrow, and almost Perpendicular, *Omne in precipiti Vitium Stetit* — answer'd our Confin'd Friend, but here we are in a Medium. Well, down the Precipice we went, which put me in Mind of *Quevedo's* Descent into Hell.

But as soon as we were down, our Hostess Conducted us into the Bar, asking us, What we would be pleas'd to Drink? The best you have, said we. The motion I found pleas'd her well, for dropping a formal Curt'sy, and Screw'd her Chops into a forc'd Smile, said indeed 'twas very good, she was sure. Z——ds, said our Friend, that's always your Apology by G——d; set down the Liquor, and your Absence, I beseech you, Sweet Lady; and give us leave to Praise it that are to Drink it; with that she left us, shaking her Head; saying, You are a sad Man: But asking him why he us'd his Landlady thus? S'Bl——d, what I do is in my own Defence, reply'd he; and if I had not begun with her first, she would have had the Impudence to have Don'd me before your Face.

Now being settled, and the Cellar full of Company, we began to make a Scrutiny into their several Stations, and Observe their Motions; and the first that was worth our Observation, was an old Weather-beaten Fellow in a Gown that hung by Geometry, and a Face as Fiery as the Sun; who being Elevated with the Spirit of Malt, in a most Lamentable Tone, belch'd forth this Song in Praise of King Lud, Cruelty of the Creditors, and Miserable Condition of the Prisoners, who gave great Attention, and was as followeth.

Noble King Lud, long time hast thou stood,  
On the Scaffold of Wood, but of Stone;  
And since sure thou art like a Creditors Heart,  
That Cures not a Figg for our Aton.  
While we in this Gate, do Beg thee a Grate,  
Lamenting our State in this City;  
To men Tawling, and Bawling, and Calling;  
And not a Creditors Heart unto Pity;  
In a poor thread bare Coat, we tear our Throat,  
With a Pitiful Aton for Relief;  
Good Sir, we Cry, the Bow hanging by,  
Hind's a hundred and more full of Grief;  
But Gallies they Ride on, and never think upon  
The Sorrowful Aton that we make;  
But with Rambling, and Fumbling their Coaches;  
The Stones in the Street, they do shake.

*Others pass by, and bearing our Cry,  
Will cast up an Eye of Disdain;  
Saying that if we were once but set free,  
We soon would come hither again.*

And no sooner had he ended his Song, but one of the Company wrapt out an Oath, that 'twas matter of Fact, and Caution'd him to take Warning, having now the Liberty of the Hatch: Why, reply'd he, Thou little Illiterate Coxcomb, and Spawn of a Knight of the Post, who the Devil made you a Solicitor, that could not keep your self out of Goal? And have the Impudence to pretend to teach me! I that have born all Offices of the House, and am the Senior of my Ward! Nay, from the Stocks have been Exalted on Mens shoulders to my lofty Apartment! I that have out Witted *W*—— the Officer, and put the day of the Month on his Moveables! To be Taught by such a little Narrow Soul'd Fellow as thou! No, be it known unto you, I Scorn to take your Counsel, or mind your Musty Morals; and taking his Glass of Ale, Here said he, thou Superannuated Block-head, here is defiance to them all, and thou that stiles thy self a Solicitor, and hast not the Sense of a Bum-Bayliff: *Why, so much at a time, Mr.*—— said a slander by to him. Look there now, reply'd he, there's an Animal, when he first came hither, look'd like one of *Pharaohs* Lean Kine, but now thanks to my Lord-Mayors Basket, is as Fat as a Whipping-Post, and sets up for an Assistant; you shall be an Assistant, with a Pox to ye! If I was, answer'd he, I'd tame your Tongue. That's more than you can your Wives, or Tail either, answer'd he, thou dull insipid Rascal: Sirrah, I'll have thee Hang'd out at the Gate to bring a Trade to the House, thou fordid Mercenary Blockhead, that for three Halfpence, would betray thy own Father, and Pimp for thy own Wife: At last the Fellow being in a Passion, told him When he first came, he had not a Rag to his Arse: That's a Lye, said he, and I'll prove it, for 'tis well known, I had nothing else; but however, Relation, to convince you, I bear no Malice, or am in the least Angry, I here Create thee Sole Heir and Executor to the Gown on my Back, and all that it harbours. He than sat down, charg'd his Gun, and gave the Word for the other Pot.

No sooner was this Fray over, but another fell a Rating at his Hostess, telling her she had not fill'd the Pot, and yet thought much of Scoring, and behang'd to her: with that said her Husband, Fill it Wife, fill it, I desire no otherwise, for what I get is only by Strangers, but for Scoring I will no more, nor is it reasonable: But his Wife being vext, at her second Journey for one Pot, pull'd him away, by the Sleeve, crying, Come Husband, come: But harkye, said one, Do you say, you get nothing but by Strangers? What the Devil do you mean? Do you think I was born Yesterday? You must tell them so, that knows no better; what's your Hot-Pots, your Stout, Brandy, Nick'd Measure, Tobacco, and double Scoring? Doth this consist with Reason, when you can afford to take a Guinea for thirty five Shillings? Is not all this Evident proof? *S'B—d* I can prove you have got four Shillings, and a Meal for you and your Husband, by an Apple-Pye that stood you but in two; and yet all this is nothing: At which they could make no reply, but he sunk away, Lolling out his Tongue, and the look'd as the Devil over *Lincoln*; and 'tis thought by the Learned, that her Countenance did the Dairy-Woman on the other side the Gate, ten Shillings worth of Damage.

Well, Gentlemen, say'd our Friend, How do you like your Diversion? Why as well as a Play, answered we, and protest 'tis as Comical: But look there is two a Fighting, and *Sodom* is in an Uproar, and Fair Play is the Word: Yes Faith, said he, but seldom made use of, but the occasion of this Quarrel, which you see is already over, happened, as I am inform'd, last Night, and is thus:

He with the Bloody-Nose, made an Agreement with her in the red Top-knot, by the Fire-side, to meet last Night at Twelve a Clock on the Stair-case by *Puppies-Parlour*, to take a Game of *Ar*—— together: which Bloody-Nose over-heard, went at the Hour appointed, and found her alone (for her Lover with whom she had made the agreement over-slept himself) and being pretty Dark, he makes use of the opportunity and goes to her; she thinking it had been him which she expected, without any reluctance yielded to his Embraces, and no Question but they made good Use of their time; but having enjoy'd, her he discovers himself to her, telling her he was mightily oblig'd to her for her Civility, but more to the Obscurity of the Night; also that stolen Love was sweet, and Silence very commendable. At which she was surpriz'd, and desir'd him to conceal it, which he promis'd to do, and so

But he continued there, expecting his Rival; and 'twas not long before he

he came, crying as softly as possible he could, My Dear, my Dear Upon which he made a little Noise to signify he was there: for answer he could not, least he should be betray'd by his Voice; which he hearing, did not doubt but 'twas she, and cry'd aloud I was afraid I had out-stay'd my time, but I'll make thee amends: There more than enough do, by Good, answered he aloud, for I have waited here this hour at least, but if your Mistress was so impatient that I was forc'd to supply your place, for which you expect a reward. Yes, I'll give you Satisfaction, and be damn'd to you, if I do not, and falls aboard on him like a Fury; and had he not had timely Assistance, his sweet Meat would have had but sower Sauces; but being heard, they were soon parted, and sent to their several Beds; but to day the disappointed Lover hearing his Mistress had divulg'd last Nights intrigues, bent his thoughts on nothing but Revenge (for Jealousie is a Green-Ey'd Monster) and gives him a Challenge into the White-Room; but he having obtain'd his desires, thought it not worth his while to hazard a Battle, for what he had already enjoy'd, and so declin'd it, and laugh'd at him. But the Intrigue and Scuffle being blaz'd over all the House, and his Mistress also ridicul'd, he was resolv'd to fall aboard him the first opportunity, and was well satisfied the Error she had committed was through Ignorance: He hearing he was in the Cellar, could no longer Bridle his Passion, but comes down in a Rage, and falls on him, and has given him a Bloody Nose, and he in return for his Civility hath presented him with a Black-Eye, which I suppose will end the difference; and a Pot or two will make 'em as good Friends as ever.